

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 45.]

Business Directory.

WM. REED. L. R. CRITCHFIELD.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office—Up stairs in the corner of the Block, opposite the Court house.

D. S. UHL. ATTORNEY AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office—In Mayer's building, over the Book Store.

WM. S. TANNENHILL. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office—Two doors east of the Bank, up stairs.

J. P. ALBAN. DENTIST, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Artificial Teeth inserted, from one to an entire set, in gold, silver or vulcanite. All operations skillfully performed. Satisfaction warranted. Rooms in the Ellison House.

J. E. ATKINSON. DENTIST, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Tenders his professional services to all who may need anything in the way of Teeth operations, consistent in Filling, Extracting and inserting from one to an entire set.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Frederickburg, Ohio. Respectfully announces his readiness to give prompt attention to all professional calls. He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of the University of Michigan and to the Faculty of Medicine of the University of New York City. Sept. 27, 1860.—a23m6

DR. S. C. RICHARDS. HAS Located in Berlin, Holmes County, Ohio. He will attend to all calls proper to his profession. Especial attention to diseases of the Eye.

DR. T. G. V. BOLING. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office on Main street—formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine.

DR. EBRIGT. MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office on Jackson st. near the corner of the Empire House. Residence on Clay street, opposite the Presbyterian Church.

DR. A. A. CRUMP. GERMAN & ENGLISH BOTANICAL PHYSICIAN, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public square.

A. B. FRY. WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main Street, opposite Court House, MILLERSBURG, Ohio.

JAS. HEERON & SON. DEALERS IN English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass, Sash, Fine Doors Saddlery, and Coach Trimmings.

ELLISON HOUSE. ELLISON & DE SILVA PROPRIETORS, Jackson Street, MILLERSBURG, Ohio.

OHIO HOUSE. I. HOSKORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main street, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Stage Office—Daily Line of Coaches to Coshocton.

A. J. BELL. COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. He is at all times ready to furnish all up and take acknowledgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances, mortgages, and powers of Attorney, and Record the same, take Depositions to be used in any of the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills of exchange, &c. His office is in the County Recorder's office.

BAKER & WHOLE. Forwarding and Commission Merchants, SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME, FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN and OATS, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW. And all kinds of DRIED FRUITS. WAREHOUSE—MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

WINE & SPIRITS. A. J. BELL & SONS. Produce and Commission Merchants, DEALERS IN FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS, SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c. AND FURNISHERS OF WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, WOOL, SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c. &c. June 1, 1860. M. M. STEINBACHER & CO. MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

S. WEIRICH & BRO. DEALERS IN IRON, STEEL, NAILS, LEVELS, CHISELS, BRACES, AUGERS, SLICKS, SAWES, SQUARES, ADZES, &c. WINDOW SASH, DOORS, MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c. OILS. WHITE LEAD. SADDLERY. Agricultural Implements. MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

PAINTING & GLAZING. Time undesignated is ready to do any thing in the line of House, Sign, Ornamental, Buggy and Waggon Painting.

I will be found, when not elsewhere employed, at my shop over Wierich's Carriage Shop, MILLERSBURG, May 24, 1860. A. J. STEINBACHER.

GROCERY STORE. GODFREY ITNER has removed his Grocery and Provision Store To the Rooms formerly occupied by FRY'S Jewelry store. His goods are of the very best quality, carefully selected and will be sold on Short Profit.

All who want to buy the best quality of GROCERIES should call. April 26, 1860. G. ITNER.

PEBBLE SPECTACLES. ALWAYS ON HAND. Old Frames Filled and Spectacles made to order for all sorts of defective sight, warranted to make you see as well as ever you could. At FRY'S. Nov. 15, 1860.—a23

J. EBERHARDT, Manufacturer and Dealer IN ALL KINDS OF AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE WORKS. Monuments, Tombs and Head Stones on hand and made to order on the shortest possible notice, and at such low prices that will astonish the natives. J. EBERHARDT. Shop on Jackson street, April 26, 1860.

Poetry.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

[The subject poem—we know not who wrote it—is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have ever seen. We do not envy the heart which does not thrill to its wild and tender music.]
Backward, turn backward, oh, Time in your flight! Make me a child again, just for to-night! Mother, come back from the echoes of yore— Take me again to your heart as of yore— Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care— Soothe the few silver threads out of my hair— Over my slumbers your loving watch keep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of years! I am so weary of toils and of tears— Told without recompense—tears all in vain— Take them and give me my childhood again! I have grown weary of dust and decay, Weary of slinging my soul-wealth away— Weary of striving for others to reap— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue; Mother, mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded—our faces between— Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain, Long I to-night for your presence again; Come from the silence so long and so deep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in days that are flown, No love like mother-love ever has shown— No other worship abides and endures, Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours. None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul and the world weary brain; Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again as of old— Let it fall over my forehead to-night, Shining my faint eyes away from the light— For with its sunny-tinged shadows once more, Happy will through the sweet visions of yore, Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long Since I last hushed to your lullaby song— Womanhood's years have been but a dream; Clasp to your arms in loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

A Capital Story.

CHANGE AND MISFORTUNE.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, I am going to do something now," said Peter Pendant, as he seated himself at the tea-table. "What are you going to do now?" asked the wife, though not with that exhibition of interest which would have been expected under such circumstances.

"I have taken the agency for a large insurance company in New York. I am going to open an office, and am satisfied that I shall make my fortune in a few years."

"I hope you will," replied the lady, who appeared to be rather incredulous. "I doubt I shall; there is not the ghost of a doubt in regard to it. The commission the company will give are very liberal, and I shall help making a good thing out of it. Now, Mary, if you want a piano you can have one."

"Perhaps we had better wait until you have realized some of the success for which you hope."

"There is no doubt in regard to that; I would not give anybody a sixpence to guarantee me three thousand dollars a year; and you know, with our economical way of living, we can save at least two thousand dollars of this sum."

"Very easily, if you can only get it to save from you have never made more than seven or eight hundred a year, and more of the time since we were married, you have made but five hundred."

"But it's all right now; I have always been unlucky. I have turned up a vein now, and all I have to do is to coin the money. If I had got this chance five years ago, I should have been a rich man now."

"I don't believe much in it yet, Peter," replied Mary, with a very incredulous smile.

"Why not, Mary?" asked the enthusiastic husband, apparently much hurt by the doubts of his more prudent partner.

"I have seen too many of these things before."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Haven't you changed your business half a dozen times in as many years?— And each time you were confident your fortune was already within your grasp."

"Well, I was simply mistaken in these cases," answered Peter, who could not deny that he had often before built strong hopes upon cherished schemes.

"I am going to give it up. I gave notice to Mr. Simpson this afternoon to that effect."

"I fear you will repent it."

"Come, come, now, Mary, don't be so obstinate."

"I am not obstinate; what did Mr. Simpson say?"

"Oh, he was very sorry to have me go, and even offered to raise my salary if I would stay."

"I should think you would, Peter."

"Think I would! Continue with him for nine hundred, when I can make three thousand!"

"Nine hundred is more than you ever got before."

"That's true; but I can do better."

"There is Jacob Greene; he has fifteen hundred. He owns the house he lives in and has money at interest besides."

"Jacob is a lucky dog."

"He was married at the same time we were, and had a smaller salary than you, then."

"He is a lucky fellow. As for me, I have always been unfortunate."

"Whose fault was that?"

"Why, nobody's that I know of—have been unlucky, that is all."

We will tell his story and the reader may decide whether that was all, or not.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Pendant's business career had been an eventful one, as the world goes. He had passed through many changes, which had seldom been improvements in a pecuniary sense. When he was married he was the recipient of a salary of five hundred dollars, which was shortly afterwards raised to six hundred.

An opportunity offering for him to go into business with a partner, he abandoned his salary, and launched upon the tide in his own bark. In one year he failed, and was glad to return to a salary of five hundred again. For two or three years he kept his position, and then made another adventure, which he was sure would yield him a fortune. He was mistaken. The scheme was a failure, and again he was thrown upon a pittance. Several times in this manner he had given up good situations, and plunged into schemes of doubtful promise.

He had but little firmness, but little stability, and his judgment was not entirely reliable. At the time our story opens he had a good situation, with the prospect of a gradual preferment for many years to come; but the hope of becoming suddenly rich had taken possession of him, and he could only think of counting his income by thousands, instead of modest hundreds, as in times past.

Perhaps, too, as his wife had pointed to Jacob Greene as a specimen of progress in the world, Peter was anxious to outdo him. If he could only get ahead of Jacob, he would ask no greater glory in this world. Now he confidently expected to put him in the shade at once.

The time came, and Peter opened his office published an advertisement setting forth the advantages of insuring in the new company, and entered with prodigious satisfaction upon his new career.

"Well, Peter, how do you get along?" asked Mary, after he had been in the business a week.

"First rate, my dear."

"Do you still think you shall make a thousand dollars a year?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"How many policies have you issued this week?"

"One."

"Only one?"

"That is doing well when we consider that it is a new company, and that I am new in the business."

Mary shook her head, and felt sure that Peter was going through the performance he had undertaken several times before. She felt sick at heart in view of the overhanging misfortune, but in vain did she try to open the eyes of her husband. He was positive a fortune was in store for him, and he clung to his delusion with renewed ardor.

Another week passed by, and Peter, by unremitting exertions, had obtained three or four risks for small amounts. This was enough to keep his hope alive for a few weeks longer, but a month was quite enough to burst the bubble, and then Peter began to open his eyes—Shrewd men said that the new company was a catchpenny affair, and very few would insure in it. After a month of diligent drumming, Peter could not show the issue of a dozen policies, and his income was not enough to buy his salt and potatoes.

Hard as it was, he was forced to confess to Mary that he had been mistaken again; that his new business would not yield him a hundred dollars a year, instead of a thousand, as he had predicted.

"You told me so, Mary," said he.

"I know I did; but I will not reproach you for it now, though it seems strange that you should repeat these blunders."

"When I get another good situation, I will stick to it," replied Peter, very humbly.

"You will not think it a good situation unless it pays you three thousand a year."

"There comes Jacob Greene and his wife. I would rather see anybody else than just now."

"They have been coming over for the last three months," added Mary.

The Greens were politely ushered into the humble parlor of the Pendants, though Peter wished they were a thousand miles off.

"Well, Pendant, how goes the new agency?"

"Well—" and Peter left the question unanswered.

"Got any risks?"

"Not many."

"Indeed?"

"In fact I am going to give up the business. It doesn't pay."

"Yes, sir; that's the whole story from beginning to end. In a word, that's just my luck."

"Your luck?"

"Yes, sir, my luck; if I undertake anything, it's sure to fail. This agency in the hands of any body else would have been a lucky thing; but when I take hold of it it is good for nothing."

"Then you think it was bad because you took hold of it?"

"Certainly I do; it is all luck."

"I don't think so."

"How does it happen that you are on a salary of fifteen hundred a year, while I am a beggar? You were on a less salary when we were married?"

"It is true, I was."

"It's all luck I tell you. You have had good luck, and I have no luck at all. Everything you touch turns into money."

"I don't understand it so," said Jacob Greene.

"Well, it is so whether you understand it or not; I should like to know how else you can account for the difference in our situations? You own your house, and have money out at interest besides; while I have no house and no money."

"There is no luck about it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Instead of sticking to your business as I have done; you have been changing from one thing to another."

"That was better to myself."

"That was the intention, but very few of your friends thought as you did. In this last speculation of yours, Pendant, you have lost a good situation to engage in a business that any reasonable man might have known would not pay his salt."

"Then you mean to tell me that I had no judgment?"

"I don't know what you have got, you certainly did not exercise any in this last transaction. Not a sensible man in the community believed that new company could do anything in Boston. It was a want of judgment on your part rather than a want of luck."

"Then you think there is no such thing as luck?"

"I don't say so; I think chance throws some opportunities in one's way, but by far the larger portion of that is called good luck, is simply attention to business, good judgment and perseverance."

"I think I have attended to my business."

"I know you have, Peter, and it is a great pity you should now be ten years behind your proper situation. You have changed your business so many times that you lost your luck."

"Do you think so?"

"Excuse me for talking so plainly."

"It is just what he needs," said Mary, who had been an interested listener to this conversation. "No sooner does Peter get well settled in a situation than he wants to leave it."

"Mustn't do so, Peter, you must stick to your business, and not be deceived by foolish offers; they are deceitful. Constantly changing has been the fountain head of your ill-luck. But perhaps you are lucky in one thing, for Simpson discharged the man he engaged in your place and the situation is still unfilled."

"I shall count myself lucky if I regain the place."

Peter was lucky in spite of his complaint, for he succeeded in getting his former situation with the resolve that nothing short of the offer of a large salary should tempt him to change his position. He stuck to his text in this particular, and year after year, Simpson advanced his salary, and finally gave him an interest in his business. He was completely satisfied that his good luck depended upon his constancy, for he is now a successful man.

A Good Recommendation.

"Sir, please, don't you want a cabin boy?"

"I do want a cabin boy, my lad; but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old."

"But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, hey?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."

"Well, sonny, where are your letters of recommendation. Can't take a boy without those."

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of it being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teacher, or from some other person, to prove to strangers that he was an honest boy.

Now, what should he do? He stood in a deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face.

At length he put his hand into his bosom, and drew out his little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the title page and read:

"Willie Graham, presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School Teacher."

Capt. McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said:

"You are the boy for me; and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shall not be empty when you go back to your mother."

MORMON WIVES.—"A FAIR SHAKE DEMANDED"—Brother Kimball, in one of his famous Mormon sermons, served the following timely notice on a number of missionaries who were about starting on a proselytizing tour:

Brother, I want you to understand that it is not to be as it has been heretofore. The brother missionaries have been in the habit of picking out the prettiest women for themselves before they get here, and bringing on the ugliest ones for us; hereafter you have to bring them all here before taking any of them, and let us all have a fair shake."

A Voice for the Union in Texas.

Speech of Charles Anderson, Esq., Formerly of Cincinnati, at Alamo, Texas, on the 24th of November.

The following eloquent extract from a late speech of Charles Anderson, Esq., of Cincinnati, now of Texas, will be read with interest:

"We have truly fallen upon evil times."

A meeting of American citizens is here solemnly convened, seriously to discuss and decide the further existence of our blessed Union! And has it indeed come to this? Has the madness of faction, the virulence of fanaticism, at last reached this point? Have sectional parties finally dared to make or devise an assault upon this beloved and most glorious Union, which our fathers, of the South and the North, shed their united blood to cement and establish; which our mothers blessed in the earliest prayers of their infancy; which nurtured and protected our best years, and which, under God's providence, is, I trust, destined to be our children's children, to the latest generations of mankind, the very greatest boon and blessing which human minds and hands ever planned and executed, or the Divine Will has permitted? Oh! may it stand, my friends, as deep in the earth and high in the heavens as the grandest mountains, as wide and glorious as 'old ocean,' and as all embracing and vitalizing to its generations as the circumambient air! While over these fair blue and wooded skies, with their kindling lights of day and night, shall surround our earth, oh! may this dear Union of our native land, the next most wise and pure and grand of all the creations—alike continue to encompass us and ours forever."

But now, alas! we are "calmly and deliberately" assured, from the pulpit of the Law and Gospel—by no frothy, shallow demagogue of politics—accursed politics!—by the lips and tongue of a man really wise, pious and honest—that this vast fabric has crumbled; that the Union is already dissolved. We are informed—as a fixed and certain fact of history—that our National destiny is falsified; that, like dead leaves on the wind, our institutions have drifted away into the past forever, and that we are not here assembled to consider their further existence or perpetuity, but to divide their spoils and take administration of their effects. While we were so entertained—with the vast and various thoughts and feelings and images of horror that trooped thronging through my brain and heart, thrilling me with chilliness from scalp to soles, there was always mingled one sad and dreadful picture—the children of one loving mother, hale and well, though not happy, with the bloom yet in her fair cheek, the love-light in her calm eyes, a gray hair only here and there silencing with a single thread her radiant locks—God bless the mother that bore us!—the laughing born of such a mother, circling in a conclave over a plan of mischief, and the parting of her radiant among them."

And yet in all this mingled tide of sudden and new emotions, while he so calmly spoke, there came to me no flush of anger; no choking or bursting indignation; no throb for instant vengeance. A deep and bitter grief—a most melting pity and sadness filled me—until I thought I could weep, weep tears of blood to see such treason in such men.

By the way I see several blue cockades on hats and lapels around me. Are they emblems of the present Lone Star experiment—present while that high and bright banner of stars and stripes, gaily ripples out to the admiring eyes of men and angels, or defiantly flaps its broad stripes in the face of every one. Our flag is still there! [pointing to the broad banner over the Menger Hotel, amid greatest cheering and enthusiasm.] But your Lone Star—where is it? We well know its place in history. It was once an emblem of truth, courage, fidelity, honor, not treason. But in nature there are no lone stars; the cluster and constellation. The ignis fatuus (the jack-o'-lantern) only floats over fens and fens, pale, sickly, feeble, flickering, delusive sham of real stars. The historic Lone Star of Texas passed not in her dark solitude, but yielding to the life-like, divine impulse within her, toward the Great Central Luminary—our Constitution—she darted upward with the speed of a comet and the power and brightness of the imperial Jupiter, to unite with that—our constitution—no more of every one. Our flag is still there! [pointing to the broad banner over the Menger Hotel, amid greatest cheering and enthusiasm.] But your Lone Star—where is it? We well know its place in history. It was once an emblem of truth, courage, fidelity, honor, not treason. But in nature there are no lone stars; the cluster and constellation. The ignis fatuus (the jack-o'-lantern) only floats over fens and fens, pale, sickly, feeble, flickering, delusive sham of real stars. 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